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JAN

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SPAWN

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image

COMICS PRESENTS:

"CURSED"



story

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Dedicated to:
JOHN BUSCEMA

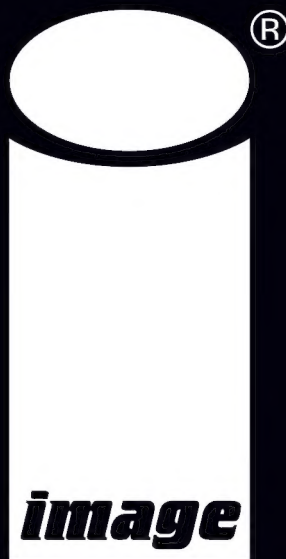
FOR IMAGE COMICS

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MASSACHUSETTS.

ONCE
AGAIN, I'VE
BEEN PASSED
OVER.

I UNDER-
STAND.

YOU HAVE
GIVEN POWER
TO ONE WHOSE
FAITH MUST BE
FAR GREATER
THAN MINE.

NOW I
MUST
PROVE
MYSELF...

SO I
ACCEPT
YOUR TEST
OF MY
FAITH.

THIS
"SPAWN"
AND I
SHALL
MEET.

THEN
YOU
WILL
SEE.

THE
HOLY
BIBLE

SPAWNING

NEW
FROM
BY-TRICK

SPAWNED
OR
BAMFAGE

"SPAWN"
BUMPS
ON BYE

SPAWN
SLAYS

SPAWN
SLAYS

SPAWN
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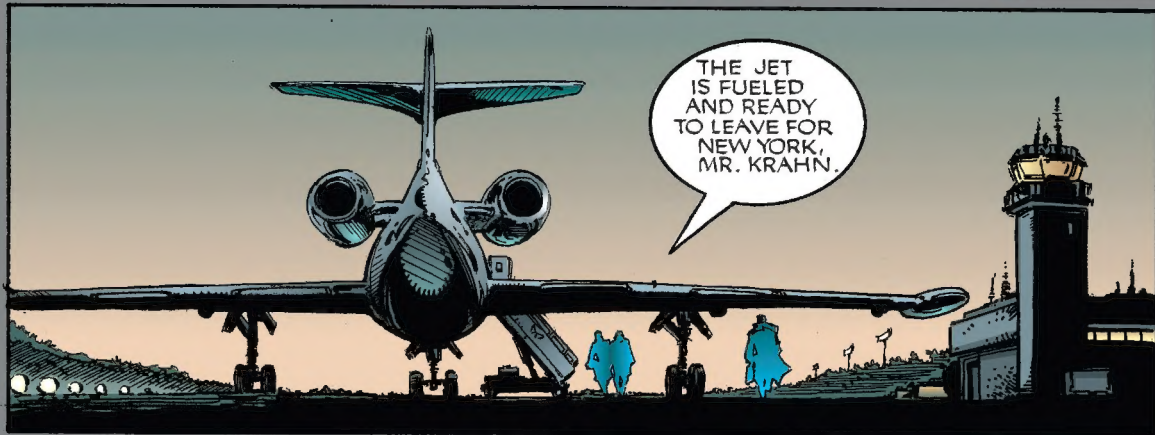
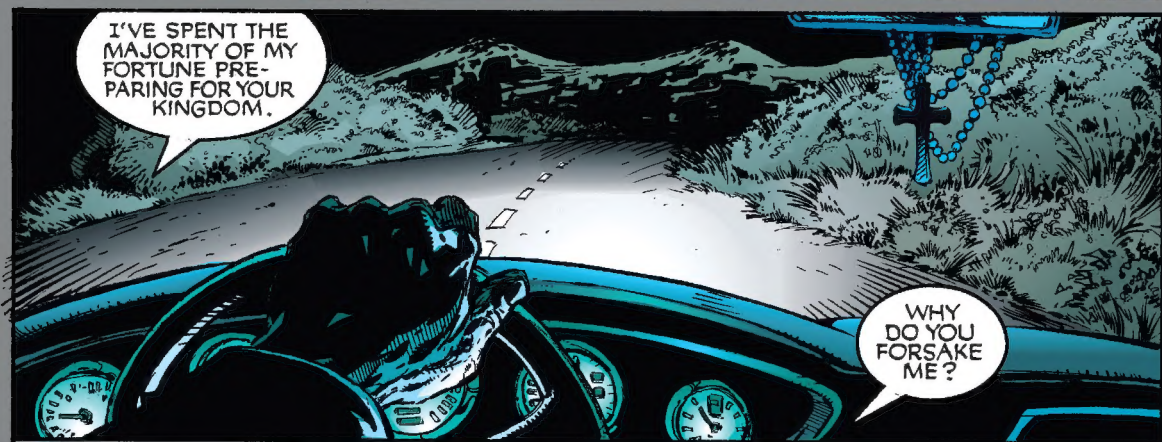
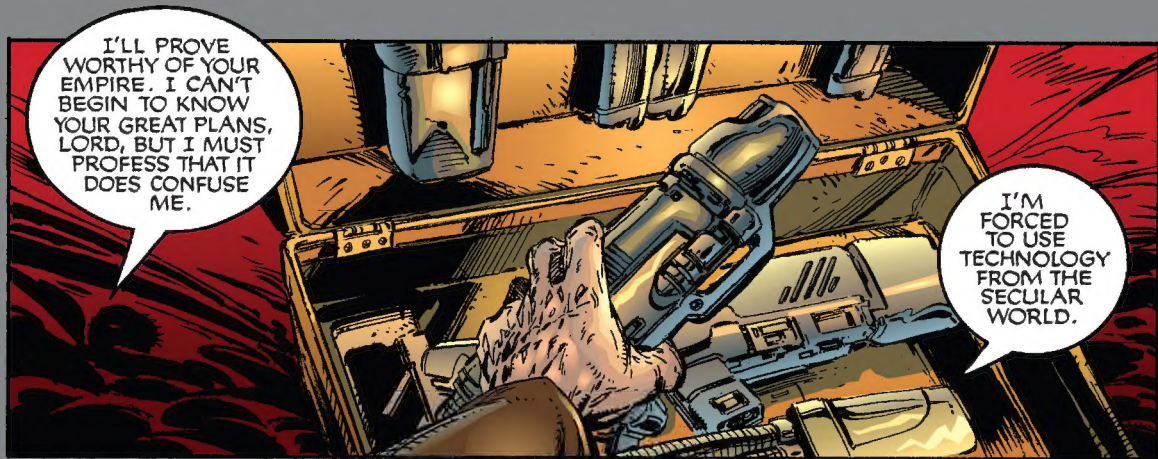
SPAWN
SLAYS

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SLAYS

SPAWN
SLAYS





WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

CHAPEL KILLED BOBBIE TO GET AT ME. HE WAS JUST AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

I'M GOING TO HAVE TO START LIVING WITH THE FACT THAT A LOT OF BLOOD HAS BEEN SPILLED IN MY NAME.

I'M GETTING SICK OF THAT.

ANOTHER MAN DIED BECAUSE I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING. * IT'S TIME I STARTED HELPING YOU GUYS INSTEAD OF HURTING.

*LAST ISSUE --Tommy.

C'MON, AL, THIS AIN'T YOUR FAULT. YOU DON'T ASK FOR THESE WARS.

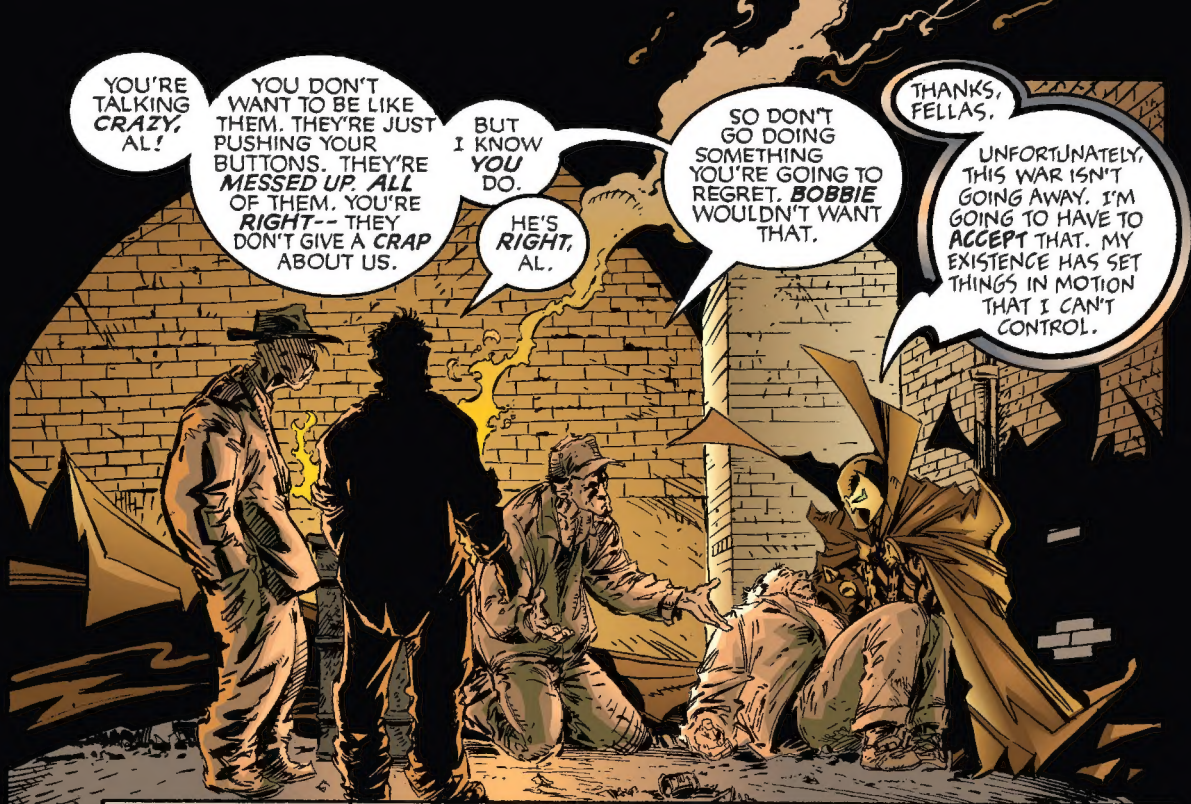
NEITHER DID BOBBIE. HE LIKED YOU, AL. A LOT.

I KNOW HE DID.

CHAPEL COULDN'T HAVE CARED LESS. THEN THE FRIGGIN' IDIOT WENT AND BLEW HIS OWN HEAD OFF. THE * PSYCHO!

... DIDN'T ALLOW ME THE CHANCE TO KILL HIM MYSELF!

* YOUNGBLOOD ISSUES 8 • 10 • Tommy.



YOU'RE TALKING CRAZY, AL!

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LIKE THEM. THEY'RE JUST PUSHING YOUR BUTTONS. THEY'RE **MESSED UP**. ALL OF THEM. YOU'RE **RIGHT**-- THEY DON'T GIVE A **CRAP** ABOUT US.

BUT I KNOW YOU DO.

HE'S **RIGHT**, AL.

SO DON'T GO DOING SOMETHING YOU'RE GOING TO REGRET. **BOBBIE** WOULDN'T WANT THAT.

THANKS, FELLAS.

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS WAR ISN'T GOING AWAY. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO **ACCEPT** THAT. MY EXISTENCE HAS SET THINGS IN MOTION THAT I CAN'T CONTROL.



BUT I'VE BEEN GIVEN POWER.

IT'S TIME I TRIED USING IT FOR SOMETHING POSITIVE.

YOUR **MAGIC**?! I THOUGHT IT **HURTS** TO USE IT.

SO DOES SEEING MY FRIENDS BEING MURDERED.



YOU THINK YOU CAN HEAL HIM OR SOMETHING?

YOU'D BE A **MIRACLE WORKER**.

THAT'S JUST THE PROBLEM. I'M NO GOD, JUST SOME TWISTED HUMAN. MY POWER KEEPS GIVING YOU A FALSE MESSAGE.

I WANT TO SEE IF **BOBBIE** CAN DO SOMETHING FOR ME.

LIKE WHAT?!



HAVING NOW RESURRECTED THE DEAD, AL SIMMONS FALLS TO HIS KNEES. THE CONSEQUENCE OF USING HIS ENERGY IN THAT MANNER CAUSES HIS BODY TO SHUDDER.

THOUGH IN PAIN, HE ALLOWS HIMSELF A WEAK SMILE BENEATH HIS MASK.

HE'S LOST VALUABLE ENERGY, BUT GAINED BACK SOME RESPECT.



7:0:1:2

THE QUEENS, NEW YORK.
HOME OF WANDA BLAKE.

WHEN
WILL
YOU BE
HOME?

NOT 'TIL
SUPPER-
TIME.

WERE
YOU ABLE
TO FIND
OUT ANYTHING
MORE FROM THE
AGENCY?

YOU KNOW
AS WELL AS I DO
THAT PEOPLE AROUND
HERE PROTECT ONE
ANOTHER WITH THEIR
LIVES. FORTUNATELY, I
WAS ABLE TO GET SOME
PRETTY INTERESTING
FILES OUT OF
SUNDIN'S OFFICE.

GOOD.
I HOPE WE
CAN GET *SOME*
KIND OF LEADS
AS TO WHY THE
C.I.A. WANTED
TO MAKE YOU
DISAPPEAR
SO BADLY.

BELIEVE
ME, I'M **TRYING**.
MOST OF THESE
FILES DON'T MAKE
ANY SENSE,
THOUGH IT LOOKS
LIKE JASON WYNN
IS INVOLVED SOME-
HOW. I JUST
CAN'T TELL
HOW DEEP.

ANYWAYS,
I'M BRINGING
THESE FILES
HOME, ALL 57 OF
THEM. MAYBE WE
CAN MAKE SOME
HEADWAY...
AFTER CYAN'S
ASLEEP.

HOW'S SHE
DOING,
ANYWAYS?

OK, A
BIT FUSSY.
I'M GOING
TO PUT HER
DOWN FOR
A NAP.

OKAY,
SWEETHEART,
I'M GOING TO DO
A BIT MORE WORK
WITH THESE
FILES...



"...SEE IF I
CAN'T CATCH
THE BOYS
WITH THEIR
BACKS
TURNED!"

THERE
HE **IS**,
SIRE!





THANK
YOU, MY
FLOCK.
YOU'VE
SERVED ME
WELL.

YOU'LL
NOT BE
FORGOTTEN
WHEN I
RECEIVE
THE POWER.
I WILL NOT
SHUN YOU, AS
I HAVE BEEN.

SO PROMISES

THE CURSE!

BELIEVE
US, IT'S OUR
PLEASURE.
THE GUY WAS
A SCAB.

THOUGHT
HE OWNED
THE
ALLEYS.

IN HIS
WEAKENED
STATE, SPAWN
AND HIS
COSTUME WERE
ILL- PREPARED
TO PROTECT
THEMSELVES
FROM THE
SUDDEN AMBUSH.



SO IT ENDS.
I'D HAVE THOUGHT
THIS 'SPAWN' WOULD
BE BETTER PREPARED.
A TRUE BELIEVER
WOULDN'T FALL
SO QUICKLY.

NOT IF
HE HAD
FAITH.

MERE
HUMAN
TECHNOLOGY
SHOULDN'T
PREVAIL SO
EASILY.



MAYBE I'VE
MADE A MISTAKE
IN THINKING MY LORD
GAVE HIM HIS POWERS.
THE MASTER CHOOSES
ONLY THE **STRONG-
WILLED**
FOLLOWERS.

OBVIOUSLY,
THIS CAPED
CREATURE IS
NOT FROM THE
HEAVENS, NOR
SOMEONE
WITH **DIVINE**
POWERS.

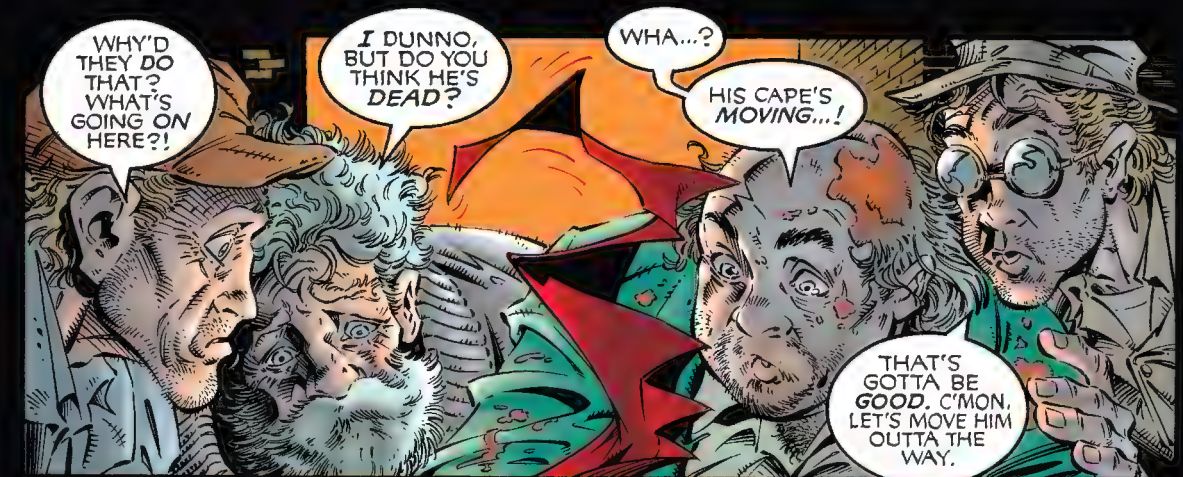


HE'S MERELY
AN AGENT OF
SATAN, MAKING
A MOCKERY OF
OUR BELIEFS.

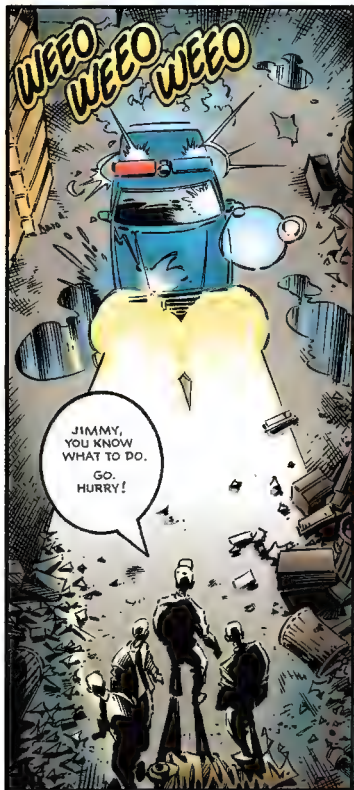
LET
HIM ROT IN
HELL.

MAN!

WOULD
YOU LOOK
AT THE **SIZE**
OF THAT
HOLE!







EVENIN',
OFFICER.
WHAT'S UP?

THERE'S
BEEN A
REPORT OF
LOUD GUN BLASTS
AROUND HERE.
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT IT?

JIMMY,
YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO.
GO,
HURRY!

NOPE.

NOPE.

THEN
WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH YOUR
BUDDY,
THERE?

OK, YOU
MEAN **ALL**.
THE GUY'S
A SLOPPY
DRUNK.
CAN'T HOLD
HIS LIQUOR
WORTH A
DARN.

WELL, I
NEED MY CAR
THROUGH THIS
ALLEY, SO GET
YOUR PAL **OUT**
OF MY WAY,
NOW!

Um...
SURE.
RIGHT
AWAY.

EEEEEE!


WHA...?

THAT
CAME FROM
THE OTHER
DIRECTION.

BETTER
HURRY.

THE OFFICER
SLAMS HIS CAR
INTO REVERSE,
RUSHING TO THE
AID OF A SIMU-
LATED "VICTIM".

THAT JIMMY
SCREAMS LIKE
A BLOODY
WOMAN.



OKAY, WE BOUGHT OURSELVES SOME TIME, BUT HE'S STILL TOO HEAVY TO MOVE.

JUST KEEP HIM COVERED WITH THAT HAT AND TRENCH COAT. I'M GOING TO GET A FEW MORE GUYS TO HELP.

HEAR ME, BROTHERS!
THE PLACE YOU LIVE IN HOLDS MUCH EVIL. I HAVE **ALREADY** VANQUISHED ONE OF SATAN'S MINIONS, THANKS TO YOUR EFFORTS.

BUT THERE ARE STILL TOO MANY UNBELIEVERS IN THESE STREETS... THOSE WHO WOULD PROTECT THE **SINNERS** AROUND US.

THEY ALL LACK SOMETHING YOU AND I HOLD DEAR:

FAITH!

... AND THE **FEAR** OF GOD. THESE VIRTUES MAKE UP THE **MORAL FIBER** OF THIS GREAT COUNTRY!

BLIND, UNQUESTIONING **FAITH.**

HEAR MY TALE, FRIENDS...

PEACE. IT'S ALL I DESIRED WHEN I WAS A BOY. WHILE THE OTHER KIDS PLAYED, I PRAYED. AS YEARS ROLLED BY, THOUGH, IT SEEMED AS IF I WAS BEING IGNORED.

EVERY DAY WAS PLAGUED WITH INJUSTICE. THE PEACE I DREAMED OF SEEMED SO DISTANT.

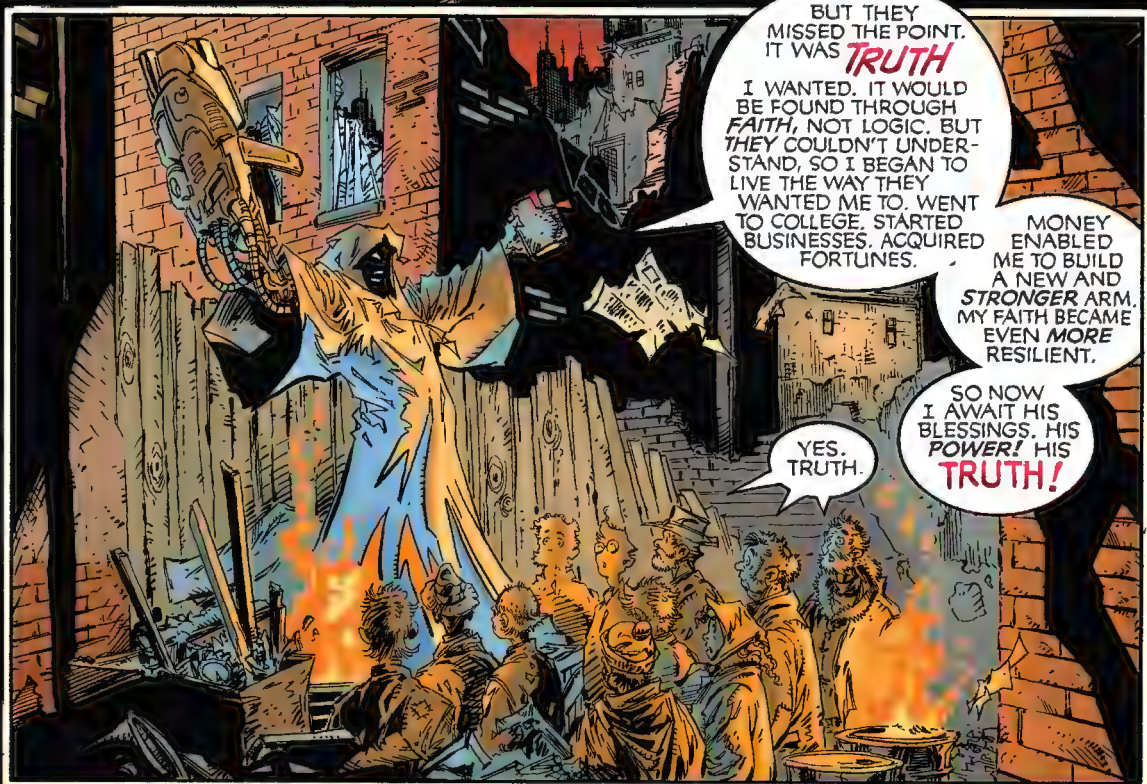
THEN I REALIZED *WHY*. I HAD NOT MADE A PERSONAL SACRIFICE. WHAT COULD I GIVE?

AS AN OFFERING TOWARD THE END OF SUFFERING, THEN, I TOOK OUT MY LEFT EYE WITH A SHARP STICK. THEN I MARKED MY FACE WITH A CUT DEEP ENOUGH TO SCAR ME FOREVER.

EVEN WITH THAT, MY PRAYERS WENT UNANSWERED, SO I KNEW I'D HAVE TO GIVE *MORE* OF MYSELF.

WITHOUT HESITATION, I SACRIFICED MY RIGHT ARM.

THE DOCTORS SAID I WANTED ATTENTION, THAT MY ACTIONS DEFIED LOGIC. SELF-MUTILATION, THEY SAID, WAS NOT THE ACT OF A RATIONAL PERSON.



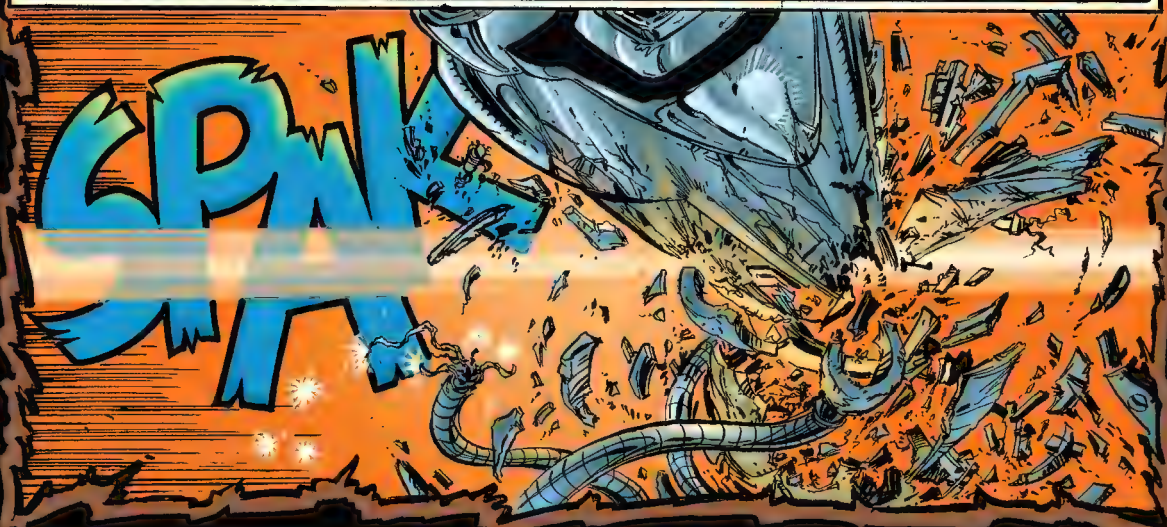
BUT THEY MISSED THE POINT. IT WAS *TRUTH*

I WANTED. IT WOULD BE FOUND THROUGH *FAITH*, NOT LOGIC. BUT THEY COULDN'T UNDERSTAND, SO I BEGAN TO LIVE THE WAY THEY WANTED ME TO. WENT TO COLLEGE. STARTED BUSINESSES. ACQUIRED FORTUNES.

MONEY ENABLED ME TO BUILD A NEW AND *STRONGER* ARM. MY FAITH BECAME EVEN *MORE* RESILIENT.

YES. *TRUTH*.

SO NOW I AWAIT HIS BLESSINGS. HIS *POWER!* HIS *TRUTH!*





I'LL TELL
YOU SOMETHING
THAT'S IMPORTANT
TO REMEMBER:

MAKE
SURE YOUR
ENEMY IS
COMPLETELY
DEAD BEFORE
YOU WALK
AWAY.

OTHER-
WISE YOU'LL
THINK YOU'RE
BEING CHASED
BY A
GHOST.



THEN
PARANOIA
STARTS TO
EAT YOU
ALIVE.

MY ARM...
YOU'VE
DESTROYED IT!
HOW DARE
YOU!!

SHUT UP!

I'M TIRED OF
YOU SICK PIGS.

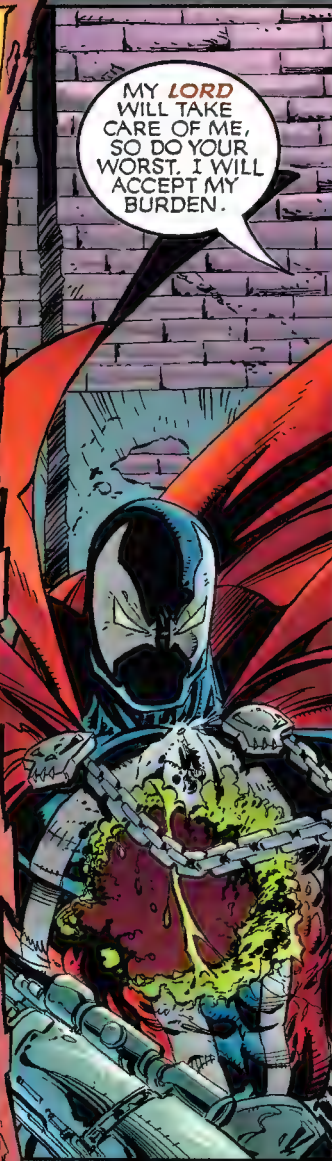
YOUR TWISTED
LOGIC GIVES YOU
SOME SORTA
PERMISSION FROM
UP HIGH TO GO
AROUND SHOOT-
ING PEOPLE.

WELL,
SCREW YOU
AND WHO-
EVER SENT
YOU.



**BLASPHEMER!
BLASPHEMER!**

I'LL NOT
SUBMIT TO
THE DEVIL'S
CHILD.



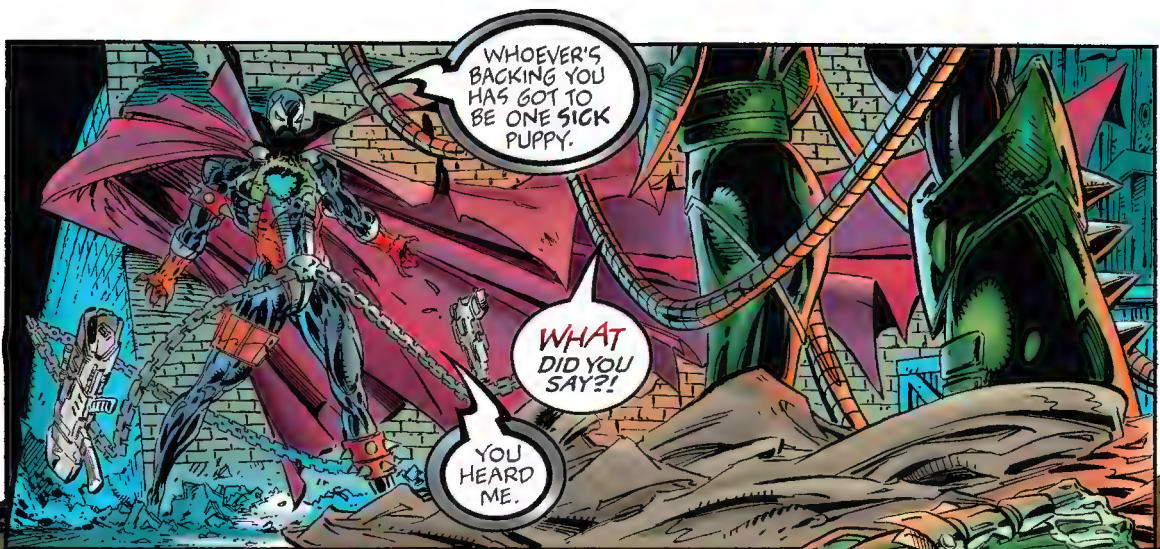
MY LORD
WILL TAKE
CARE OF ME,
SO DO YOUR
WORST. I WILL
ACCEPT MY
BURDEN.



GOOD.

'CAUSE
I'M IN A
BAD
MOOD.

I WON'T
EVEN USE
THESE GUNS TO
KICK YOUR BUTT.
USING MY FISTS
WILL MAKE ME
FEEL MUCH
BETTER.



WHOEVER'S
BACKING YOU
HAS GOT TO
BE ONE SICK
PUPPY.

WHAT
DID YOU
SAY?!

YOU
HEARD
ME.

YOU
SHALL
NEVER
SPEAK OF HIM
LIKE THAT.
NOT EVER
AGAIN!

UNFF!



IN MY TIME
I'VE SUFFERED
ENOUGH INSOLENCE
FOR ANY TEN MEN.

THE TIME
HAS COME TO
SILENCE THE NON-
BELIEVERS. **YOU,**
RED-CLOAKED DEMON,
SHALL BOW AT THE
FEET OF MY
MASTER.

YOU'RE
INSANE.

YOU'RE
MISTAKEN,
YOU DAMNED
FOOL.

I KNOW
EXACTLY WHAT
I'M DOING, AND THE
REWARDS FOR MY
ACTIONS WILL BE **GREAT.**
THIS TIME, MY LORD
CANNOT IGNORE
ME.

THIS TIME HE'LL
ACKNOWLEDGE
MY EXISTENCE!

VICTORY!

THE DEVIL
WILL **NEVER**
SUCCEED IN HIS
BATTLE WITH
GOOD. **HEAR** ME,
MY FOLLOWERS.
TONIGHT WE
WILL...



EAT ME.
OLD MAN!

KIK!

SPAK!

SWAK!

BACK OFF, SPAWN! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LAY ANOTHER HAND ON HIM. NOT UNLESS YOU INTEND ON GOING THROUGH US.

ACCORDING TO **THIS**, INTERNAL AFFAIRS WAS FED FALSE INFORMATION ON THE DISAPPEARANCE AND POSSIBLE THEFT OF SOME MILITARY HARDWARE.* NOW THAT INFO **HAD** TO COME ABOVE. BUT WHOEVER THE THIEVES **WERE**, THEY WOVE A PRETTY CONVOLUTED SCHEME TO KEEP THEMSELVES FROM BEING DETECTED.

FROM WHAT I WAS ABLE TO MAKE OUT, THE **MAFIA'S** TIED TO ALL THIS, TOO. IT CAN'T BE COINCIDENCE, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE THE CONNECTION. ILLEGAL ARMS TRADE?

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. THIS BUSINESS HAS BECOME SO BLURRED IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME PRETTY LONG HOURS TO FIND THE STARTING POINT OF ALL THIS. I PROBABLY HAVEN'T SAID IT YET, BUT I'M REALLY **PROUD** OF YOU FOR DECIDING TO HELP ME, WANDA.

THANKS.

I ALWAYS TRIED TO AVOID PUTTING YOU THROUGH ANYTHING LIKE THIS, ESPECIALLY AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO AL.

*WAY BACK IN ISSUE SIX -- Tom.



I KNOW YOU DID, BUT THIS IS SOMETHING I **WANT** TO DO.

I'M GOING TO PUT CYAN DOWN. BE BACK IN A MINUTE.

OKAY, SWEET-HEART.




TERRY'S GOING THROUGH SO MUCH. IF I CAN FIGURE OUT EVEN ONE PIECE, THAT MIGHT HELP HIM FEEL LIKE THINGS ARE GOING FORWARD.

THE C.I.A. AND F.B.I. ARE WAY OUT OF MY LEAGUE.



BUT THIS "SPAWN." HE KNOWS TERRY. **HOW?** I'LL FOCUS ON FINDING **THAT** ANSWER.



IN THE SQUALOR OF NEW YORK'S ALLEYS, A DEAD-MAN-TURNED-DEMON, DRIVEN TO RAGE, EXPLODES THROUGH A GAUNTLET OF HIS FRIENDS TO REACH HIS TARGET.

HE'S BEYOND CARING ABOUT WHO'S IN HIS WAY.

THE THIRST FOR REVENGE HAS CONSUMED HIM. NO ONE WILL STOP HIM TONIGHT... NOT EVEN THE THREAT OF DIVINE RETRIBUTION.



THE END?



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE